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Nothing is more simple than greatness; indeed, to be simple is to be great.—Emerson.
It was a famous victory, but there does not seem to be agreement on who won.

When that steamship service to Cape May begins, a new summer pleasure will be added to the delights of living in Philadelphia.

Most of those who say they do not know what Supreme Court Justice Hughes believes on current questions are men who would not support him anyway.

The first Sunday in June was a masterpiece. Whatever he did, the Philadelphian, as a New Englander said about the countries at war, had a fine day for it.

The crying need of Philadelphia at the present time seems to be for swimming holes for the boys, where they can get one another's shirts into knots as their grandfathers in the country did before them.

A man with a discriminating eye will not find it difficult to pick the future steel magnates from among the students of the Northeast High School who are broadening their technical education by working in the Midvale steel mills.

Associate Justice Brandeis will have an opportunity to discover what the public thinks of him when he comes to this city to attend the Zionist convention next month—if he is not already satisfied with the revelation through the vote of the Senate.

Another season is beginning when the summer tourist will spend his vacation money in America. The Easterners will go West and the Westerners will come East.

To eliminate lawsuits under the workmen's compensation act, New Jersey establishes a legal aid bureau. The advantages are manifest, for even in the explicit wording of the law doubts are certain to arise and the unscrupulous "runner" may make as much from deplorable cases as he once made in street car accidents.

The London Nation has had harsh things to say about this country, so it is particularly gratifying to read the plea made by Henry W. Massingham, its editor, in the current issue. The cabled excerpt ought to set Americans as well as Britishers thinking deeply.

This Power the United States) having done us and humanity a substantial service at critical points of the conflict, now, in the person of her President, offers to associate herself with an international settlement that Sir Edward Grey has defined as the thing he wishes to get out of the war.

Apparently the United States has some friends in Europe. Belittling her, here or abroad, will do small good.

"Pennsylvania, second in population of the States, has virtually seceded from the Union," says a Washington dispatch to the New York Evening Post. If the citizens of Philadelphia imagine that they are represented in Congress they are destined to disappointment. The Evening Post has taken the 124 rollcalls in the Senate from the opening of the session to the first of June and discovers that Senator Penrose voted exactly 11 times.

Of the 113 times the senior Senator missed he was paired less than a dozen times, so that his party suffered as much as his State. With the future of the country's honor at stake, when the close-knit Senate's resolution, which nearly raised the entire international policy of the President, was presented, Senator Penrose was not even in Washington.

It was a brave fight, with aggression on both sides and with a shifting of numerical superiority. Strategically the Germans were, so far, to have done exactly what they had done.

Pennsylvanians refused to take interest or to express opinion was largely non-partisan. Their duty as critics of the majority was never more necessary. The total result has been that the country is not governed by a party system, but by a one-party system—precisely the wrong thing, precisely what the founders least desired.

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION

There is no want of good presidential timber in the Republican party. If the lightning does not strike either Roosevelt or Hughes, it may strike out a Lincoln.

IN NO epoch, not even that immediately preceding the Civil War, has the Republican party been confronted with graver responsibilities or with greater opportunities for service than now. The convention about to assemble in Chicago, to which the destinies of the party have been confided, must clear away the rubbish, strike deep to find the essentials, make a platform which will underwrite the future prosperity of this nation and supply a fighting leader whose service to the country as a whole will be no less inspiring than his rehabilitation of the party itself.

The candidacy of Mr. Roosevelt is a gamble with fate. It is based on the assumption that Teutonic victories during the summer will assume such proportions as to magnify vastly the necessity for preparation on a grand scale. Were victory for the Allies assured, there would be, unfortunately, no great demand for defense measures in America, a majority of the people being so short-sighted that they refuse to look beyond the horizon of immediate events.

Mr. Roosevelt is no tariff man. He emphasizes the military feature of preparedness. It is industrial preparedness, however, which may readily prove to be the most vital to the welfare of the nation. It is perfectly apparent that the prosperity which now exists is a fictitious, abnormal, war prosperity, induced by no legislation enacted by the Democrats, but, on the contrary, existing in spite of low tariffs.

It is claimed that the chief duty of the convention is to pick a winner. Justice Hughes as a harmonizer has exceptional qualities. He had no part in the factionalism which was rampant in 1912. Of his orthodoxy there is no question. His merit as an executive has been amply proved. So, too, has his ability as a campaigner. Silence in him is a virtue, but when he does speak there is the heat of the branding iron in his text and the thunder of Jupiter in his blows.

The party expects of the convention sobriety of judgment, not a panic stampede. It expects, too, a candidate who measures up to the grave responsibilities of this era, when nations themselves are in the making and a new trade map is being drawn. Should Roosevelt and Hughes come to a stalemate, a Republican of superb abilities is Philander Chase Knox, Republican candidate for the United States Senate from this State, and in Mr. Weeks, of Massachusetts, there is presidential timber of the first class.

THE NORTH SEA FIGHT

SEARCHLIGHTS of fact playing on the North Sea battle of last Wednesday and Thursday have a distinct tendency to minimize Germany's victory. Just as the original British Admiralty report admitted reverses, so the German official announcements are now yielding. The first report, uncontradicted through lack of evidence, indicated that an inferior German fleet had inflicted disproportionate injuries on the British and made good an escape. Had that report been confirmed the blow to British prestige would have been terrible.

Unfortunately for Germany, she has been unable to persuade even Winston Churchill of her victory. Mr. Churchill has never undergone that experience of patriotism which dazzles and blinds men, yet even he cannot feel that Wilhelm has displaced Jellicoe as Admiral of the Atlantic. Berlin gives the story away when it says that "the German high seas fleet" met the "greater part of the most modern British navy." If, out of the greater part of the English super-dreadnoughts, Germany was able to sink not one, and had to suffer the loss of a vessel of the Derfflinger class, if she paid for the Invincible and Indefatigable with the Westfalen, and for the battle cruisers with the Guebarra, she could well afford to spare her victory in Pyrrhic or worse. The North Sea and the Atlantic are still British.

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Tom Daly's Column

DRAKE'S DRUM
Drake he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile away
(Captain, art the sleepin' there below?)
Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devon seas
(Captain, art the sleepin' there below?)
Ravin' tho' his death fell, he went wif' heart at ease,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come
(Captain, art the sleepin' there below?)
Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.

ENGLAND appears to be in need of a fly-drummer just about now. And if Drake should be hard to awaken it might be well to look for a wrestler who can get a strangle hold on the foe; a half-Nelson won't do.

The Usual
At first he fell to drinking
A little. 'T was appalling
How low and lower sinking,
He shortly drank to falling.

Warm Weather Warning
WOULD'N'T it be simply a matter of justice to issue a special warm weather warning to kind but unsuspecting folks, covering the period beginning next Wednesday, and ending on Saturday night or Monday, the 12th, at the very latest? Something to this effect:

For Wednesday, etc. etc.—Shortly after high noon there will be several sharp raps resembling the pounding of a wooden hammer on a block of marble. This will be followed by immense clouds of overheated atmosphere, which will arise in great rolls of articulate smoke from the ventilators and other exits of a certain block of well-known real estate situated along Washaw avenue, between 14th and 16th streets, in the Middle West. This terrific heat wave will be accompanied by much rumbling of oratorical thunder and frequent flashes of forensic lightning. The populace will be greatly wrought up, but the storm will pass without doing very much serious damage. Several well-known shores will be strewn with wreckage, but the vacation season will proceed as usual.

What's Your Sword of Damocles?
Mine is that my increasing deafness will make it impossible for me to hear William Jennings Bryan's inaugural address.

Lines on a Sunset From Banks of the Lower Schuylkill
By CHARLIE GALOOPY
As I sit beside my cabin on the ashdump with my pipe,
Looking westward as the sun sinks low,
There's a haze of feelings rising from my soul that is surprising,
And it drives my hand to make these verses go.

The Democracy of the Flivver
An "auto school" at 16th and Spring Garden streets, according to Nally, faults this sign:
WE LEARN YOU HOW TO RUN ALL CARS.
FORDS OUR SPECIALTY.

Executive Secretary Philadelphia Housing Association.
(Philadelphia) was made by a welfare worker, who apparently was not fully informed.—Editor of EVENING LEDGER.

WHAT FANATICS HAVE DONE
Sir—Permit a "contributing editor" to take issue with a regular one. I am suffering from Ford's which is manifestly a misinterpretation of the spirit of Henry Ford. You have been responsible for an argumentation of that disease.

Caning Contest
Sir—Here are a couple of phrases I present for your canny:
"You must come see us some time."
"The pleasure's all mine."
Here's one b. b. scribes should can:
"Put a run across the pan."
I'm yours truly, TRED FAN.

The Antiquity of "Low Visibility"
From Camden's History of Queen Elizabeth (1570).
IN THE fighting (with the Armada) on the 23d of July (1588) the Spaniards' shots flew for the most part over the heads of the English, without doing execution. The reason of this was that the English ships, being far less than the enemy's, made the attack with more quickness and agility; and when they had given a broadside they presently sheered off to a convenient distance and leveled their shot so directly at the bigger and more unwieldy ships of the Spaniards as seldom to miss their aim. Their ships far exceeded ours in number and bulk and were much swifter and higher built and we presented not so great a target for their shot.

THE LION'S SHARE



THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Secretary Newman, of the Housing Association, Writes That There Is Law Enough to Make All Boarding Houses Safe for Young Women—Other Matters

This Department is free to all readers who wish to express their opinions on subjects of current interest. It is not responsible for the views of its correspondents.
BOARDING HOUSE LICENSES
To the Editor of Evening Ledger:
Sir—My attention has been called to a statement in the Evening Ledger of May 29 to the effect that "it requires no license to be a boarding house keeper in Philadelphia."

What Do You Know?
Queries of general interest will be answered in this column. Ten questions, the answers to which every well-informed person should know, are asked daily.
QUIZ
1. What post in the British Cabinet is the most equivalent of that of our Secretary of State?
2. Where did the old Lafayette Hotel stand in Philadelphia?
3. What Republican presidential nominee was nominated by acclamation?
4. For whom was the British cruiser the Black Prince named?
5. What is the motto of the French republic?
6. Where are the Alps Mountains?
7. In Florida does the temperature ever fall below freezing point?
8. Where is the great Simpson tunnel?
9. Did the Eagles ever reside anywhere but in Rome and, if so, where?
10. Name six types of warships.

Answers to Saturday's Quiz
1. Secretary of State.
2. Near the old City Hall.
3. William H. Taft.
4. Lord Nelson.
5. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.
6. In Europe.
7. No.
8. In the United States.
9. In Rome.
10. Battleships, cruisers, destroyers, submarines, torpedo boats, and minesweepers.

LAZINESS VS. DRUNKENNESS
To the Editor of Evening Ledger:
Sir—In your editorial, "Wages and Laziness," you do certainly "pick a mouthful" when you say "it is useless to quarrel with human nature." No labor organization can help the lazy man, the man who is always watching for a chance to loaf, or thinks he can do so and get away with it.

DECAPITATE HIM
There is or should be trouble ahead for James I. Hinkle, one of the assistant Postmasters General. He sought to bring about the defeat of certain amendments to the postal bill by urging the postmasters to join the opposition to them. He says he did this in his capacity of private citizen, but he used official paper in communicating with the postmasters and his letter was strengthened by an official signature. It was an official act also that he told the members of the Senate Committee on Post-offices that they had surrendered to the railroad in the matter of railway mail pay.

Head of Tuskegee
R. S.—Major Robert H. Moton succeeded Booker T. Washington as head of Tuskegee Institute. He has assumed office.

Origin of "Star Spangled Banner"
Editor of "What Do You Know?"—When was "The Star Spangled Banner" written, and under what circumstances? Did the man who wrote the words write the music? (3) If one of the principals in a limited round boxing contest should hold the world's championship and be knocked out, would he lose his title? It is necessary for articles of agreement to read "for championship."
HAMBURG.

FROM COLONEL TO COLONEL
The strongest thing of all is that an intelligent and distinguished man, that a considerable body even of observing and thinking men, could be deceived by the program and proceeding of Theodore Roosevelt.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

OTHERWISE OCCUPIED
For the coming two weeks Congress will not be in a frame of mind to attend to business that may call for deliberation. Knoxville Journal and Tribune.

NOW THAT'S SETTLED
The next President of the United States will be Woodrow Wilson or the man who will be the winner.

THE ROCKEFELLER FAMILY MYSTERY

Father of the Oil King Disappeared in 1857—No One Knows What Became of Him

By JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS
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A PEDDLER gesticulating in the east-end-gloom surprised the Rockfords who opened their doors to his vigorous knocks. And because he was so young, so tall, so virile, so handsome his affliction readily struck into the hearts of these dames enough pity to make them buy whatever trinkets he might dangle before their eyes.

It was the year 1858. Rockford was a modest New York village that lay up Cayuga Lake. This peddler appearing suddenly at its doors was destined to change himself in a black secret that for a half-century east-gloom over what is perhaps the most famous family in America.

That fascinating, itinerant pack-bearer who thus appealed to the pity of Rockfords had lately appeared with his family at a farm on the outskirts of town. He had just turned 23, was keen of eye and joyful of heart, without fear or constraint—the dashing kind of adventurer that women love and men respect. His name was William Avery Rockefeller. He was not a jot deaf, neither was he mute, although for months he made his new neighbors converse with him by pencil, upon a slate which he carried. He disappeared for long periods at a time, presumably to peddle his wares throughout the neighboring country.

Then, after a while, his role changed. He suddenly outgrew his affliction and became "Doctor" Rockefeller, investor and dispenser of a wondrous cure for cancer. Thereafter he generally returned home with plethoric purse. Indeed, he was soon buying fine clothes, expensive shotguns, fast horses. He became a fearless whip, a dashing equestrian, a fine shot, a beau among women. In short, he was the chief sporting character of the community. Yet he was a strict abstainer from alcohol. He would have been quite the fine gentleman in appearance but for the eccentricity of leaving off his necktie, the better to display a big diamond star in the boom of his shirt.

Went Out Never to Return

Mystery always shrouded his long absences and his plentiful supply of ready money. It was while on one of his prosperous trips that he met Eliza Davison, a prosperous farmer's daughter, whom he brought home to Rockford as his wife. One of the several children born to them was John D. Rockefeller, present-day king of American multimillionaires. About four years after the birth of this child of destiny the family commenced a long and tedious period of moving—Cincinnati, Ohio; Oswego, N. Y.; Strongsville, Ohio; and Parma, Ohio. During this period the cancer doctor was home but little; yet while there he always improved his property by indulging in a fad that seemed wildly inconsistent with his lack of domesticity. This was a penchant for planting trees. Grove after grove still stand as monuments to his memory. Finally, in 1857, he moved his wife and children to a snug brick house in Cleveland. Soon afterward he took his hat from his peg, stepped forth into the night and became but a hazy memory. His son, John D., was then 18. During the next 22 years the deserter's patient wife waited vainly for his return. Then she died, in utter ignorance of the fate that had overtaken him. Luckily, her sons had a passion for money making. The wolf did not lurk long at her door.

The mystery of William Avery Rockefeller's disappearance continued, odd enough, to be overlooked by press and public alike until a long time after his son, John D. had flashed into the financial firmament as a luminary of the first magnitude.

Then some chance writer sounded the alarm, and scribes and detectives, professional and amateur, sallied forth to beat every inch of the soil for America's most conspicuous scoundrel. In the years that have since followed our country and Canada have both been scoured and a fortune has been spent in hunting down false dopes. The late editor, Joseph Pulitzer, put a big price on the lost man's head and it is said to have lavished \$8000 on the mystery. If one time rival newspaper sleuths assigned to the case waged an exciting war of wits necessitating the employment of telegraphic codes such as those used by great military forces in the field.

Newspapers Hunt for Him

In the exciting hunt for the missing Rockefeller detectives have crossed the paths of the newspaper scouts. The apparent secrecy cloaking operations of the former agents has aroused suspicion that the vanished man's sons have dreaded his discovery by outside interests that might reveal the secret lack of his disappearance.

The most persistent theorist as to William Avery Rockefeller's career after leaving his wife lonely home, variously, as a wealthy lumber magnate of Canada, as a ranchman of Northwest United States, as "Dr. Lavington," of Madison, Wis., and as "Dr. Livingston," of Freeport, Ill. The first two theories were but vague from the outset. The Madison address at which he was said to reside was found to be nonexistent and the sleuth who hunted "Dr. Livingston" to his lair in Freeport arrived there some time after that gentleman had died.

Skeletons rattle louder in the full closets of the rich than in the empty closets of the poor. America's wealthiest citizen has been called by a distinguished biographer "the world's most tragic figure." Has his disappearance been due to the riddle of his father's fate or to fear that some tragedy connected therewith might one day be revealed to a pitiless public?

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